ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

THE CENTENNIAL OF WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION.

Wonderful Progress of the Nation—Our Mighty Empire of To-day Contrasted with the Infant Republic of a Century Ago.

BY DUKE BAILIE.

ON the 30th day of April, 1789, General George Washington was inducted into the office of President of the United States, with imposing ceremony, in the balcony of the City Hall, New York.

In his inaugural address that day the great man echoed the sentiments of those who framed the Constitution of the new government when he spoke of the work of the future as "an experiment." The work before the first President and his associates was full of difficulty. Statesmen of the highest order of intellect, some, indeed, in the Cabinet of Washington, lacked faith even in republicanism; others trembled for the success of the new plan. After three months of labor in meeting the questions that came up, Madison, still a member of Congress, wrote: "We are in a wilderness without even a footstep to guide us." Washington, a republican from the deep sincerity of his nature, gave to the plan the full weight of his influence, and was a tower of strength. As difficulties were overcome doubts were dispelled. The government in a few years proved adequate to meet every emergency. It was firmly established. The third President, in his inaugural, pronounced it "the strongest government on earth," and "the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern."

Thus was the work of the revolution at length accomplished by the embodiment of the ideas of local self-government, and of national union in the Constitution as the organic law, and the establishment of a republican government that met the wants of the new nation. The result was hailed with joy by men of liberal views all over the world. The feeling of this school was expressed by Sir James Mackintosh as he wrote: "America has emerged from her struggle into tranquillity and freedom, into affluence and credit; and the authors of her Constitution have constructed a great permanent experimental answer to the sophisms and declarations of the detractors of liberty."

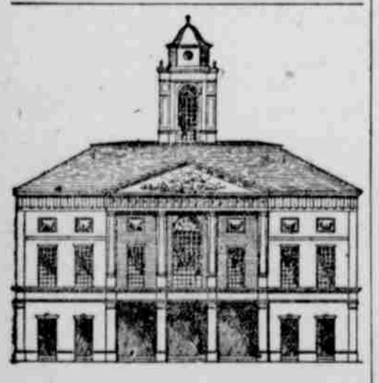
The results of a retrospect of a century's growth in those fields which suggest a comparison between our own and the contemporaneous development of other nations are such as to awaken a feeling of just pride in every American citizen. And the reflections naturally deduced from these results as to the characteristic features of our people contradict those which are drawn from a superficial review of the social and political abuses of the day, and are most reassuring as to the hopeful future of this republic.

The entire policy and force of England was directed to the suppression and destruction of the commerce and internal improvement of its American colonies. Prior to the year 1800, eight or ten keel-boats of about twenty-five tons each performed all the carrying trade between Cincinnati and Pittsburg. Hamilton, when Secretary of State, in his report under the head of coal, notes: "There are several mines in Virginia now worked. There is something," he says, also, "in the texture of cotton which adapts it in a peculiar degree to the application of machines." What are coal and cotton to this nation, to the world, to-day? Within seven months of this year nearly 5,000,000 yards of our cotton cloths competed with the British manufactures; 9,000,000 yards went to Mexico; 5,000,000 to Central America; 6,000,000 to the West Indies; 21,000,000 to South American States; 9,000,000 to China; and 5,000,000 to other Asiatic countries, and, besides, we have supplied our own 60,000,000 of population. This is the century's statement for manufactured cotton cloth alone.

Even Jefferson, the writer of the Immor-

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

tal Declaration—in intellect the most widely influential of our early state-men—failed at first to grasp the powers within our command. Before the revolution there was not a real city in Virginia. Every planter had his own "landing-place," was his own factor, and possessed his own artisans. Jefferson wrote, then: "Let our workshops remain in Europe," for "the mobs of great cities add just so much to the support of pure government as sores do to the strength of the human body." But Mr. Jefferson grew as occasion demanded. It was in his administration that we acquired Louisiana, and no single act of the Government has had more



FEDERAL HALL, NEW YORK, WHERE WASHINGTON WAS INAUGURATED.

to do with the events of American history than the "Louisiana purchase." It was the foundation upon which was erected the grand superstructure of commonwealths extending to the Pacific coast, and it involved the discussion of those questions which have been forever determined under the flag that now waves over a united North and South, with clusters of new and brilliant stars added to its field of blue.

When the total amount of $15,000,000 was paid to the French for Louisiana, Napoleon said, with feelings of hatred and revenge toward Great Britain: "This accession of territory strengthens forever the power of the United States, and I have just given to England a maritime rival that will, sooner or later, humble her pride." Nine years after this prophecy by Napoleon, in the war of 1812, the gallant seamen of the young Republic humiliated England's boasted navy on the high seas. But that prophecy went still further into the future. The Louisiana purchase enabled us to resist the claims of England in the Northwest, and saved to us all the territory of the four new States this year admitted into the Union.

The new world, represented by the United States of North America, at the opening of the century was "The Land of Promise" to the immense army with strong hands and hopeful hearts anxious to leave over-crowded Europe, where all was dark with war, industrial depression and famine. During the last seventy years alone, over twenty millions of people have left the old world for homes in America and the British colonies, and fifteen millions of these have landed on the shores of the United States. Our population has increased from 3,929,214 in 1790 to 50,152,866 in 1880, the last census. This migration—combined with the opening up of new country, the wonderful increase of inventions, the spread of knowledge by schools and the press—has made the present century the most progressive of all centuries. People are better fed, better clothed, and better taught, and invention has extended opportunities on all sides.

The United States makes about 2,000,000 sewing machines yearly, which do as much work as the hands of 20,000,000 women. A single shoe factory in Massachusetts will turn out as many pairs of boots as the 30,000 boot-makers of Paris. In 1790 the backwoods of our country afforded the chief supply of material for ship-building; since the invention of iron vessels several companies constructing such have for years placed in the water more tonnage per annum than the whole of Queen Elizabeth's fleet that defeated the Spanish Armada.

The citizens of Europe cannot purchase the necessaries of life that are common to the American working-people. By official

Baron Steuben. Gov. St. Clair. Chancellor Livingston. Secretary Otis. Geo. Washington. Roger Sherman. John Adams. Gov. Clinton. Gen. Knox.

WASHINGTON TAKING THE OATH AS PRESIDENT, APRIL 30, 1789.

reports of consuls, the price of food in Great Britain is twenty-five per cent. higher than in New York, and fifty per cent. higher than in Chicago. All is bright in the future for the workers of the Republic, while those in Europe have no "better days" to contemplate; they must either toil and mourn to the bitter end or emigrate. As the old ballad runs:

And the smith complains to the anvil's song,
Complains of the years he has toiled and plied;
For the priest and the ruler are swift to wrong,
And the mills of God are slow to grind.

But a clear, keen voice comes over the sea;
It is piercing the gloom of the waning night;
Time was, time is, and time shall be,
When John o' the smithy shall come to his right!

Manufactures were in their infancy even in Europe at the period of Waterloo (1815). To-day the United States stands first of all countries of the world; the annual product of its factories reaches at least five billions of dollars, and fully four million of operatives are employed in its various industries. The product per operative, owing to the greater skill and intelligence of American artisans, is in the United States $1,560; in Britain, $1,120; France, $1,100; Germany, $515; Russia, $530.

The Americans are the best-fed people of the present age, and therefore they are able to accomplish the greatest amount of best work. According to Vauban, Bossuet, and Lagrange (three names illustrious in war, religion, and science, respectively), "that country may be considered the most prosperous in which the inhabitants are able to have the largest ratio of meat for their food." The United States consumes 120 pounds of meat per inhabitant; the United Kingdom, 110 pounds; France, 65 pounds; Switzerland, 51 pounds; Germany, 48 pounds; Scandinavia, 45 pounds; Russia, 44 pounds, and so on downward to Portugal, with 20 pounds per head per year.

Even up to 1859 the United States used at intervals to import wheat from Europe; whereas now it produces one-third of the world's crop. Facilities for transportation have so improved that wheat grown on the Mississippi is now sold as cheap in Europe as that raised on the Don or the Danube, while fifty years ago the moujiks of the Don had such abundant crops that wheat was too cheap to pay the cost of freight even to the nearest port.

In 1780 and 1781, the mess bill of a Continental officer shows that he paid for sugar $14, $16 and $18 a pound; twist silk, $10 per yard; three brushes and a black ball, $95; a black silk handkerchief $75; eggs, $12 per dozen. When our postoffice was established, in May, 1794, a single letter cost six cents for thirty miles; over 450 miles twenty-five cents. Of our present annual production, about $40,000,000 of silver and $22,000,000 of gold are available for coinage, the remainder being used in the arts. From the date of enactment of our first coinage law, in 1792, to the beginning of the present year, the production of the United States was eighteen hundred and five millions of gold and eight hundred and fifty millions of silver, and nine-tenths of this total was produced in the forty years ending December 31, 1888. Our country has $15 in specie per capita for each one of its inhabitants.

While money civilizes and is a most essential factor in the maintenance and advance of civilization, honesty and learning have never by us, as a nation, been subordinated to the love of or acquisition of wealth.

The pioneers whose camp-fires, from Massachusetts Harbor westward, have marked the advance line in the conquests of industry, have been for the most part men imbued with the spirit of true religion; men who, opposed to the supremacy of the church, still recognized it as a necessary factor in the upbuilding of a successful commonwealth, and provided generously for its growth and conservation. Thus it was that upon the borders of unconquered wilds, amid the rudest surroundings, often prior to civil organization, a place for public worship was established, the minister most frequently being also teacher to those who could pursue their studies beyond the rudimentary knowledge imparted by the grand women of that day, who found time, in the midst of many pressing cares, to teach their children how to read and write, how to think, and how to live.

Our national idea includes the school as a matter of course; the first rude building in any new community generally served as both church and academy. The spirit which inspired such provision for the moral and intellectual training of the young was but the projection of that which was already filling the East with intelligence and thrift; and so of the West it may be said that, whatever of its prosperity be due to other causes, a large measure of it is due to the church and school, as the nurseries of a true and brave manhood and womanhood. The homes of our country are its great hope. In the conservation of the home as a center of moral influence lies the safety of the state. The public life of the West, which is but a larger side of its home life, notwithstanding the comparatively recent transition from the rugged conditions of new communities, is fully exalted and pure as in the Eastern States.

The past century, compared with its predecessors, appears rather as a contrast than a development. It is not easy to state its relation to the past in terms of progression, since it may be said to have leaped into existence, and an adequate statement describes radical changes rather than evolution. Much as the Americans have accomplished, the grandeur of that which has been achieved in the nineteenth century will pale beside that which will be achieved in the twentieth, if they advance on the line established by their sires and grandsires, and avoid that laid down by the power of which they declared themselves independent. The spirit of self-government adopted one hundred years ago by less than four million Americans has been adhered to and successfully applied by more than sixty millions, and before the second century of the republic it will be tested by nearly or quite six hundred millions. Broad is the foundation for this prediction. One hundred years ago fifteen millions only of the world's inhabitants were English speakers; now that language is spoken by one hundred and ten millions. Then one-fifth were, now nearly three-fifths are, citizens of the United States. Thus the increment of the century represents the multiple of seventeen in the United States and of four in England and her colonies. The same ratio of increase to the end of 1989 would augment the world's English to nearly fifteen hundred millions, and the continuance of the same proportions would put nearly six-sevenths of that number in the United States. But assume a decline in the past rate of increement, and take a multiple of ten or even nine, as against seventeen; the prediction will still be verified, and American citizens will, in 1989, exceed in numbers the present population of China by more than two hundred millions. This estimate is not more startling than was the forecast of Captain G. Imlay, who, in 1787, estimated that the population of the United States would not be less than sixty-four millions in a century from that time, and it is certainly conservative when compared with the published opinions of a celebrated writer (Barham Zincke), who, in 1883, estimated that the English speakers on the globe in 1980 would number one thousand millions, of which number four-fifths would be citizens of the United States. While unforeseen causes may intervene and check our marvelous advance, all conditions, past and present, warrant the belief that with wise policy the American republic will dominate every square mile on the continent before the year 2000 A. D. Its banner of the eighteenth century waved over one twenty-fourth of the Western Hemisphere; that of the nineteenth floats over nearly one-fourth; and that of the twentieth will wave over it all if the power of the Republic be not diminished by unwise legislation.

The founders of the Republic left it as their dying injunction to cherish the Union. Washington embodied their spirit in his farewell address, in which he presented it as the palladium of political safety and prosperity. Andrew Jackson gave expression to the determined will of the nation, in the terse sentiment spoken at the right time: "The Federal Union, it must be preserved." Abraham Lincoln, the martyr-President, said that the thousands who died for their country on the battle-fields gave their lives "that the nation might live." Millions had responded to the call of that man, meeting "invasion of the public order as their own personal concern," and meeting their own destruction "that government of the people, by the people, and for the people should not perish from the earth."

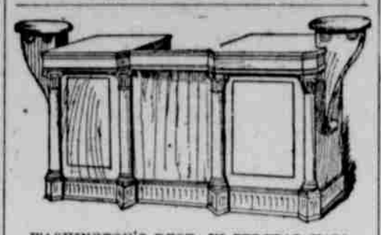
It is such a government that the genius of our people requires; such a one only under which our States may remain for ages to come united, prosperous, and free.

Washington's Personal Appearance.

Washington, according to Houdon's measurements, was 6 feet 2 inches in height. He was a giant in size and physical strength, and stood as erect as a Corinthian column. His boots were enormous. They were No. 13. His ordinary walking shoes were No. 11. His hands were large in proportion, and he could not buy a glove to fit him and had to have his gloves made to order. His mouth was his strong feature, the lips being always tightly compressed. He weighed 200 pounds and there was no surplus flesh about him. He was tremendously muscled, and the fame of his strength was everywhere. His large tent, when wrapped up with the poles, was so heavy that it required two men to place it in the camp-wagon. Washington would lift it with one hand and throw it into the wagon as easily as if it were a pair of saddle-bags. He could hold a musket with one hand and shoot with precision as easily as other men did with a horse pistol. His lungs were his weak point and his voice was never strong. His hair was a chestnut brown, his cheeks were prominent, and his head was not large in comparison to every other part of his body, which seemed large and bony at all points. His finger joints and wrists were so large as to be genuine curiosities. He was an enormous eater, but was content with bread and meat, if he had plenty of it. But hunger seemed to put him in a rage. It was his custom to take a drink of rum or whisky on awakening in the morning. Of course all this was changed when he grew old. His chest was very thin. He had false teeth which did not fit and pushed his under lip outward.

One Hundred Years from Now.

What will our population be? Who shall say? The United States to-day contains over 60,000,000 people, who increase at the rate of about 25 per cent. in every decade, so that at the close of the next century the increment will have run up to a total of not less than 400,000,000 souls. Take the population of all the other States and countries as likely to come under our sway and another 400,000,000 will be easily added. In the year of our Lord



WASHINGTON'S DESK, IN FEDERAL HALL.

2000 and the year of the Independence of the United States the 224th, it will be no longer the United States of North America, but the United States of North, Central, and South America, and the then President will then issue Thanksgiving Day proclamation to nearly a thousand million people. The mind fails to grasp our industrial and commercial expansion at that day; the wonderful progress in the arts and sciences; the tremendous energy with which enterprise after enterprise will be conceived and made a reality.

Thomas Jefferson.

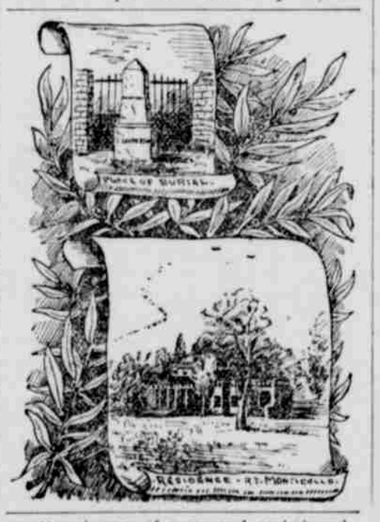
Jefferson, framer of the Declaration of Independence and the third President of the United States, was born in Virginia, April 2, 1743. He was a leader in the Virginia House of Burgesses, and in 1776 drew up the Declaration of Independence. He was later Governor of Virginia, Minister to France, and Secretary of State under Washington. As a leader of the anti-Federalist party Jefferson served two terms as President from 1801-1809, and then retired to Monticello, where he spent the rest of his life dispensing hospitality, writing, and furthering the interests of the University of Virginia, which he founded. By a remarkable coincidence both Jefferson and John Adams died on the 4th of July, 1826, just fifty years from the day on which they signed the Declaration of Independence. Jefferson's last words were: "Is this the Fourth?" and Adams' were: "Jefferson still lives!"

During the year 1891 a second census of the United States was completed, showing a population of 5,319,762, an increase of 1,400,000 in ten years. The enormous increase of exports from $19,000,000 to $94,000,000, and the corresponding augmentation of the revenue from nearly $5,000,000 to nearly $13,000,000, can only be attributed to the liberal institutions of the country, which secured equal privileges to all, and gave

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

free scope to the enterprise and industry of the inhabitants.

The Government under Jefferson presented a contrast to the Federal administrations which preceded it, in simplicity and



an utter absence of pomp and style in public ceremonies. The principal events during his administration were the purchase of Louisiana and the war with the Barbary States, in 1803; the exploring expedition to Columbia River, in 1804; the trial of Burr; the beginning of the English aggressions which led to the war of 1812; the "embargo" of 1807, and the invention of the steamboat.

Conundrums.

Why is a city official like a church bell? One steals from the people, and the other peals from the steeple.

Why was Goliath surprised when he was struck by a stone? Because such a thing never entered his head before.

What is the difference between a soldier and a pretty woman? One faces the powder and the other powders the face.

What is the difference between the Prince of Wales and a bombshell? One is heir to the throne and the other is thrown to the air.

What is the difference between an old woman and a pretty girl? One is hairless and cappy and the other is careless and happy.

Why is a sheet of writing paper like a lazy dog? A sheet of writing paper is ink-lined plane and an inclined plane is a slope up.

Why is i the happiest of the vowels? Because it is in the center of bliss, while e is in hell, and the rest are in purgatory.

What is the difference between an engineer and a school teacher? One trains the mind and the other minds the train.

What is the difference between a bad boy and a stamp? One you lick with a stick and the other you stick with a lick.

THE invention of the Æolian harp is ascribed to Kircher, 1650.

PARIS, CITY OF LUXURY.

LIFE AS IT IS SEEN IN THE GAY FRENCH CAPITAL.

Some of the Features of the Parisian Hotel—Animated Scenes on the Boulevards and in the Parks—An Adventure in the Catacombs.

[SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.]

THE hotel in which I am quartered is delightful, save for one disadvantage. I cannot have a bath without walking down to the end of the hall. It is declared to me, and I think truly, that the people of Paris are not very remarkable for keeping themselves clean. I judge of them from their resources for bathing. In this great house there is but one bath-room on each floor. It is a spacious apartment, furnished with every requisite, and in a room alongside is the special service of the floor. I am assured by a smart little French maid that it is quite unusual to supply a bath in the room of a guest. This same little French maid knocked at the door of the bath when I was covered with nothing but water this morning. I explained that I could not open for her at just that moment.

"But, M'sieu, I bring nothing but the rough towel."

She evidently assumed that because she

"I BRING NOTHING BUT THE ROUGH TOWEL."

brought a rough towel she might enter officially.

My excellent room, furnished in far better style than the usual hotel room in America, with a handsomely carved chamber-set of mahogany, heavy silk curtains, pictures, candelabra, and a fine bronze clock, costs me five francs a day. Service is one franc extra. My service consists of the little maid and a simpering man. The maid does all the work. The man appears to overlook things, and is sitting in his little office most of the time reading a paper. He is a great smiler. Every time I pass his door he gazes out and contributes a most encouraging smile. I do not care for this man, because I know he gets all the "tips" and the neat little maid does the work. I handed her an extra franc to-day. As I passed the door of the "service" ten minutes later the man cast the brightest smile upon me that he had yet accorded. I knew he had that franc in his inside pocket.

The Eden Theater and the Folies Bergeres are the two great variety houses in Paris. I dropped into the Eden the other night, and saw about such a performance as we have at an American vaudeville. I was not so much interested with what I saw on the stage as I was with what took place in the audience and around the lobbies. The brazen manner of the young woman who sold me a bill and turned down my seat for me was refreshing. She took her tip as a newsboy in New York would take his money for an evening paper—just as if it had been fairly earned. Leading from the lobby which encircled the stalls in the Eden is a

"I KNEW HE HAD THAT FRANC IN HIS INSIDE POCKET."

large and lofty foyer. Around the edge of this are small bars, with one or two flashy women standing behind them. As you saunter along you are asked to set up the drinks, and very often a girl comes out from behind the bar, takes your arm without asking your leave, and does all she knows how to do to drag you back to where she serves iced absinthe. This in a theater as handsome as any in America. It is not in the least fascinating, for the women are so defiantly bold, and they expose themselves so commonly, that it must be a very far-gone man indeed who will do more than take a look at them and pass on.

I was having my roll and coffee at a table in front of the Cafe de la Paix at 11 o'clock yesterday morning, and enjoying the splendid concourse of equipages and the gorgeous panorama of promenaders that streamed in rivers of colors along the Rue de la Paix and the Avenue de l'Opera. One incident was decidedly entertaining to me. Two landaus, one going up the avenue, the other going down, passed each other directly in front of where I sat. I immediately recognized the occupants of each carriage. One was a most remarkable figure of a woman, with sleepy eyes, yellow hair, and her mouth drawn down sharply at the corners. She held a lilac-colored parasol over her head and she seemed dreaming of something miles away. But when her carriage passed the other one that I mentioned her sleepy eyes gave one quick, sidelong gleam and rested on the woman sitting there. This woman was the handsomer of the two,

"TAKES YOUR ARM WITHOUT ASKING YOUR LEAVE."

and younger. Her face was as white as a white rose, her hair dark red, her eyes inexpressibly fine and dark. She was attired divinely. As she was whirled by she swept her long lashes downward with an air of proud disdain at the yellow-haired woman who was passing. I had to smile at this encounter of famous women, for I could well imagine what was going on in the minds of each.

One was Sara Bernhardt and the other beautiful Jane Hading.

Everyone drives out through the Champs Elysee and into the Bois de Boulogne each afternoon. But the approach to the park here is the finest part of the drive. The broad, hard road, skirted by trees, with the walk on each side and the houses beyond, is perhaps as splendid a thoroughfare as can be found in the world. One is struck at once by the immense variety of people and vehicles that follow one another out of the city on these bright afternoons. Most of the carriages are hired, and are very dilapidated. The drivers in red waistcoats,

"ONE WAS SARAH BERNHARDT AND THE OTHER BEAUTIFUL JANE HADING."

faded coats and high hats made of black or white patent leather that looks like painted tin, never hold themselves well, and the spruce and elegant characteristic of an American or English pageant of this sort is noticeably absent. But the immense crowd, and the general picturesqueness of it all, forms a picture that is continually absorbing and exhilarating. I must say that I was surprised the other day when a French gentleman who was driving with me cut to the Bois urged me to cease my rapturous admiration of a pair of glorious girls who were bowling along in a carriage which kept abreast of our own for a great distance. While each of these creatures seemed very demure their eyes strayed most accidentally about at us two or three times. I had sworn that one was a marquise at least, and the other a baroness. My companion, as I say, begged me not to waste my praise upon them. I asked him why, and his explanation discouraged me. I had seen so much of this thing since reaching Paris that I began to long for home, where virtue as well as vice came out on the avenues. The nickname by which my marquise was known in the cafes was too awful to be put plainly, but it informed you that her name was "Lou," and that her fingers were not kept in the best state of cleanness.

We stopped at the dairy on the Bois and I drank a glass of delicious milk; and while I thought that at least this was pure, I remembered that it was in this room Adelaide

IN THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

Neilson sat years before and took the simple refreshments which caused her death.

You are obliged to get a card of admission to the catacombs of Paris, and when you arrive at the entrance you will find probably a hundred people waiting to be shown through this weird underground city of the dead. All Americans go through the catacombs, and the other morning when I jumped out of my fiacre in the queer little whitewashed inclosure at the head of the steps I saw a typical matinee audience waiting to be shown the bones of I cannot say how many million French people. We bought candles of the old women who hawked them about the yard and then started down in single file through the iron door leading into a wall, like the door of a tomb. The staircase was a spiral one, and I grew tired, after the first few moments, of counting the steps. The air grew perceptibly colder as we descended, and peculiarly uncanny and frightful. It seemed like going down into the sea. The moisture dripped into my face from the ceiling after a time. I presume we walked in a line for fully two miles through tortuous passages, scarcely wide enough to pass a person in, with piles of bones reaching above our heads and crowned with grinning skulls. The ground and the ceilings were of the consistency of damp chalk. My feet grew wet as I walked, and the moist air was painful to my lungs. A bell was tolling most dismally somewhere in the dreadful place. A group of French students up ahead of me were

"THREW A ROSE AT ME AS SHE JUMPED INTO A LANDAU."

singing a ribald song. The candles in front and behind me cast wet, silvery gleams of light over the skeletons. I regretted coming into the dreadful place. I had heard of people getting lost in the catacombs. I could imagine nothing so ghastly in life. And it is gospel truth that for nearly a minute I and a well-known society girl of New York, she a stranger to me, thought ourselves lost. We reached a dark cell from which converged four or five different paths. We happened to be at the end of the line. The rest vanished somewhere, we could not say where. Which road to take we did not know. She stood with her back against one wall, holding her candle high above her head and staring wildly at me. I have no doubt I was in as great an attitude of fear as she. I shall never forget the looks of that girl or the sound of her scream as she understood her situation. I ran to her, grasped her by the arm and shouted. And then one of the guides in the line came out of one of the roads into the cell where we were. We both clutched him nervously by the hands. The girl was crying hysterically and I was laughing the same way. The guide ran ahead and we followed, soon catching up with the rest of the people. When we arrived a half an hour later up into the clear, safe world I thanked my stars that I was out of that tomb. The society girl from New York threw a rose to me as she jumped into a landau with her family, otherwise I should have hated that journey through the catacombs of Paris.

DISPATCHONA.